O, the Divell take ſuch cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you: my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does: he does; weele be reveng'd on
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we ſhall thrive
Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our ſpo
Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.
1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Il
Charles-waine is over the new chimney, and yet o
packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts ſaddle, put a fe
the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out o
Enter another Carrier.
2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as danke here as a do
is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this h
ned upſide down ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joyed ſince the pri
roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I think this to be the moſt villanous h
London road for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is n
chriſten could be better bit, then I have bin ſince th
2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordain, a
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie bree
a Loach.
1 *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, c
2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two raſe
to be delivered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier ar
ved: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou nev
thy head? canſt not hear? and 'twere not as goo